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Semi-Weekly Interior Journal

W. P. WALTON, Editor and Proprietor
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Cure for Chicken Cholera.

A correspondent of the Country Gentleman says: "I have cured all cases of chicken cholera that have occurred in my flock in the following manner: The sick bird was removed to a coop in a shady, retired place in the garden, a piece of common blue pill as large as a pea was put down its throat, and it was left without food, and only fresh water in abundance for a week. At that time the fowl recovered. Four years ago I lost 30 fowls from contagion, and perhaps crowded in helped it; but the disease was on the farms all around me, and hundreds of dead fowls were lying about. After that I had more or less of it for two years, until I thoroughly cleaned out the house, removed the soil a foot in depth and used lime-wash with a fountain-pump all over; but during the two years I cured every sick fowl by this treatment. A week was sufficient to restore the excrement to its usual healthy color. But the bird should be removed as soon as it becomes pale around the head, and the yellowish green dung is observed. I believe over-feeding with corn will produce this disease, which is bilious-enteric fever, and nothing else."

An Irishman was employed lately doing some work on one of the railway bridges on one of the Northern lines. He had occasion to climb up one of the iron pillars that supported the bridge to do some work and just as the engineer who was superintending the job happened to be walking underneath, down came Paddy flop on his shoulder, sending him sprawling. As soon as the engineer regained his feet he ejaculated, "Hello, Pat, where did you come from?" "From the north of Oireland, sir," replied Pat.

A new idiotic craze is thus described by a society paper: "Can you draw a cat?" is the latest social question, and you are immediately handed pencil and paper and requested to give your best idea of a cat without model or semblance. One lady I know has what she calls "a cat basket," wherein she keeps all the attempts of her friends to draw a feline. It is astonishing how few people really know how a cat looks. Ask your friends to draw a cat and see the things they make. [Boston Globe.]

Gen. U. S. Grant recently wrote to Hon. Frank L. Wolford, our Congressman, saying among other things that he (Grant) had always cherished a high regard for Wolford, &c., and expressing the hope that when the latter goes to Congress he will work and vote for the protection of American industries. Col. Wolford's reply was characteristic. It was to the effect that both his conscience and the sentiment of his constituents would prevent such a course on his part. [Columbia (Ky.) Spectator.]

BACK TO THE OLD LOVE.—In November, '76, Felix Hauschild and Miss Mary Sergeant were united in the holy bonds of matrimony. Within two years the lady applied for and received a divorce. In a year she married another man, and was again divorced; and yet again she was married and divorced again. Now, to end up with, this evening the first happy bridegroom applied for a license to marry her again. Four times married. [Frankfort Com.]

HOW TO LOOSEN A TIGHT SCREW.—The London Builder says: "One of the most simple and readiest methods for loosening a rusted screw is to apply heat to the head of the screw. A small bar or rod of iron, flat at the end, if reddened in the fire and applied for a couple or three minutes to the head of the rusted screw, will, as soon as it heats the screw, render its withdrawal as easy by the screw-driver as if it was only a recently inserted screw."

The question as to whether a husband has a right to exact that his better half shall build the fire is to be settled in Indiana. A minister's wife has raised the issue in a suit for divorce. The jury in the case have a solemn duty to perform. This is a time when married men should stand together.

The Cincinnati Dramatic Festival.

The arrangements for the dramatic festival in Cincinnati, which will begin April 30, have been considerably advanced. The complete programme is now announced. The first play is "Julius Caesar," with James E. Murdoch as Marc Antony, John McCullough as Brutus, Lawrence Barrett as Cassius, Louis James as Caesar, Kate Forsyth as Portia, and Marie Wainwright as Calpurnia. This will be repeated on Wednesday afternoon. On Tuesday night, "Romeo and Juliet" will be given, with Barrett as Romeo, Mary Anderson as Juliet, and McCullough as Mercutio. On Wednesday evening the play is "Much Ado About Nothing," with Mlle. Rhea as Beatrice, Barrett as Benedick, and John A. Ellsler as Don John. Charles Plunkett in the cast. "Othello" comes on Thursday night, McCullough playing the Moor, Barrett Iago, Miss Anderson Desdemona, and Clara Morris Emilia. This will be repeated on Saturday night. "Hamlet" will be played on Friday night, Murdoch taking the title role, McCullough the Ghost, Ellsler Polonius, Barrett Horatio, and Nat Goodwin First Grave-digger. Shakespeare will be departed for the Saturday matinee, when "The Hunchback" will be played with McCullough as Master Walter, Barrett as Clifford, Goodwin as Modus, and Miss Anderson as Julia.

The State of Missouri has just adopted high license for liquor, with a provision for local option requiring a two-thirds vote in each block, town or township for the establishment of a saloon. The tax is also a heavy one, a portion going to the State and a portion to the county. The law also includes stringent regulations regarding the hours of closing, and a heavy penalty for selling to minors or intoxicated persons. This system of heavy tax and stringent regulation is rapidly supplanting prohibition where the latter was in vogue and is being adopted in many States where heretofore there has been perfect freedom of trade in liquor. Within the next ten years it will probably be in force in most of the States of the Union.

This is the greeting which a Texas paper extends to a new pastor: "The Rev. Mr. Glass, the pastor for the ensuing year, has come. He has pretty good clothes, doubtless purchased with means saved by systematic starvation from his salary of last year, for he looks a little lank. It is, perhaps, quite proper that the 'world,' and especially his church members, should take his good clothes into consideration, and dead beat the Lord this year. There is nothing more to be appreciated than 'free religion.'"

MULCHING FRUIT TREES.—A writer in "Gardening Illustrated" gives directions for mulching fruit trees, which he has found the most successful. He removes the soil down to the roots, mulches with manure, and then replaces the soil so as to cover the manure. This prevents any of it from blowing about, and it will not become so dry as when fully exposed. About two inches of soil over the two inches of manure will answer well.

A Paris merchant, who has been several times robbed by unfaithful cashiers, has invented an infallible test of competency. The cashier presents himself, offers his services, shows his references. Then the merchant says: "Show me how you would erase a mistake in your figures." The aspiring cashier sets to work with scrap ink, eraser, and what not, and if he succeeds in destroying all traces of the erasure, he is invited to take his hat and his leave.

The theatre, in the face of the pious ban, is growing more and more into prominence as the popular recreation, as an educator of the people and as a moral power. On the other hand, the moral influence of those who condemn the theatre is comparatively growing less. This is a social problem which needs a new method of treatment. [Cincinnati Com.]

A colored man while digging a posthole in old road near the residence of W. A. Bannan recently found a gold watch at the depth of eighteen inches below the surface. The works and case were in good repair, but owing to the fact that it had not been wound for some years was not running. [Eminence Constitutionalist.]

Highly sugar-coated: A New York divorce lawyer's advertisement reads: "Hymenial incompatibilities as a specialty, carefully adjusted. 'Tis slavery to detain the hand after the heart hath fled."

A Judge Fines Himself.

Forty years ago Eatonton was a fast town. Gambling of all kinds, cock fighting and horse racing was the rule, as it is the exception now. Why, sir, at one term of the court—1845 or 1846—the grand jury returned one true bill against forty persons, John W. Ashurst, solicitor general, and a number of prominent lawyers included, in one batch for gambling. It was in this case that it is said Judge Cone made himself famous. When the case was reached all of the defendants arose and pleaded guilty. Judge Cone fined each one of them \$10 and costs, and lectured them severely upon the uselessness and immorality of such habits and the viciousness of the example which they were setting for the youth of the country; then command the defendants to take their seats, with a solemn face but a merry twinkle in his eye, he turned to the clerk and said: "Now, Mr. Clerk, enter after these cases, 'State of Georgia vs. Judge Cone, gaming—special information by His Honor; plea of guilty,' and fine him \$100 and costs. Call the next case, sir." [Eatonton (Ga.) Messenger.]

PRUNING.—In early spring pruning of young apple and pear trees, the form may be much improved by modifying the work according to the natural growth of the tree. If, for instance, the growth is naturally quite erect or upright, the branches will be too compact or crowded if this natural tendency is not relieved; and with such apple trees as the Northern Spy and Early Strawberry, and the Bartlett and the Buffum pear, when the heads are thinned, leave such shoots as point outward, and cut away those which are erect and crossing; but in pruning those which become too spreading or drooping, like the Rhode Island Greening, cut away the downward branches and leave the most erect.

The Staked Plains are fast losing their reputation for being a barren desert. Says a Crosby county paper: "We learn from a gentleman just from that section that the colony of Quakers who are settled on the Staked Plains, in Crosby county, have the finest crops this year ever seen in Northern Texas. They have sent word to the stockmen in that country that they will sell corn at ten cents a bushel less than it can be bought on the railroad, and they will be prepared to furnish any reasonable amount."

An Austin youth has been paying his addresses to a young lady, under the impression that she was wealthy. Finally she told him promptly that the bank had failed, and that she was penniless, after which his attentions slackened up. A few days ago she said to him: "Dear George, it seems to me that since you found out I am only a poor girl you have ceased to love me." "You don't say so!" rejoined the candid youth; "do you know that the very same idea has occurred to me?" [Texas Siftings.]

CURING HAMS AND BEEF.—To four gallons of water add six or eight pounds of fine salt (according to the length of time that meat is to be kept,) and three ounces of saltpetre, with molasses or sugar to give flavor to the brine. This pickle should be scalded, but not boiled, and stirred till the salt is dissolved, skimming off all that rises. Apply hot; then the brine will strike to the bone.

An Austin Justice of the Peace was called on to marry a couple. He asked the usual question, if they desired to be united in the bonds of matrimony, and the bridegroom retorted: "Of course, old hoss! If we didn't, what the hades do you suppose we came here for?" Texas folks don't like to waste time on useless questions, even for the sake of form.

A lady of experience observes that a good way to pick out a husband is to see how patiently the man waits for dinner when it is behind time. If he doesn't do any thing more violent than kick the furniture and blaspheme he is a mighty patient and good-natured man.

Col. Ingersoll's father once offered a prayer that occupied an hour and seventeen minutes in its delivery, and the Rochester Post-Express infers that he must have been praying for his son. This is one of the cases where prayer remained unanswered.

The sixty damsels who were compelled to fly from fire in the Milwaukee Female College, in their night dresses, did not mind it much. Most of them were wealthy, and had their garments beautifully edged with seal lace.

A Tickled Hoosier.

An Indiana farmer walked into the house the other day with a tickled look on his face and his hat on his ear and called out:

"By gum! Hanner, what do you think?"

"You know that fellow that sold me the churn and had me sign a paper?"

"Yes."

"Well, that paper was a note for fifty dollars."

"No!"

"True as preaching. And what else do you suppose?"

"He sold it?"

"Right you are. Went and sold it to a bank and I've got to pay it. Think of it, Hanner—my note good 'nuff to be sold to a bank four stories high and with plate glass windows, and they send me just the same kind of a notice to pay as they would a rich man. I must let old Sims hear of it in some way. The Sims family look upon us as scrubs, and here we are treated the same as if we rode in a keegee behind four horses." [Wall Street News.]

The Texas Live Stock Journal says that "with yearlings at \$12 each, cows at \$40 per head pay better than gold mines. You cannot buy any property that will grow you out of debt as fast as a lot of good cows. It makes no difference what a man pays for cows or young cattle, they will outgrow any overprice in a few years. The biggest fortunes made in the cattle business, have been made by men who stuck to their she cattle and only sold steers when these were ready for beef."

AN ENIGMA.—Can any of our little readers send us the solution of the following?

- 1 is in trip, but not in travel;
- 2 is in dirt, but not in gravel;
- 3 is in darkness, but not in light;
- 4 not in power, but in might;
- 5 is in fashion, but not in style;
- 6 is in furling, but not in mile;
- 7 is in fortress, but not in fort;
- 8 is in hunter, but not in sport;
- 9 is in riches, but not in wealth;
- 10 always in pain, never in health.

THE MAN WITH THE IRON MASK.

The identity of "The Iron Mask," the man with the iron mask, has never been satisfactorily established. About the year 1679 he was carried with the utmost secrecy to the Castle of Pignerol, and there during the journey a black mask, which was not of iron, but of black velvet, strengthened with whalebone, and secured behind with steel springs, or by means of a lock, was fastened on his face. The orders were that if he revealed himself he was to be killed. He was conveyed in 1686 to the Isle of Sainte Marguerite, and during the passage the strictest watch was kept that he might not allow himself to be discovered. The unknown prisoner was in 1698 conveyed to the Bastille, and was, as before, hidden behind the mask. In that prison the captive remained until his death, in 1730. On Nov. 20, the day after his death, he was buried in the cemetery of St. Paul, under the name of Machioti. The unknown was treated, with the greatest respect, but so closely was he watched that he was not permitted to take off his mask even in the presence of the physician who attended him. Many conjectures have been hazarded as to who "The Man with the Iron Mask" could have been, the one generally accepted at the present day by those who have carefully investigated the subject being the following: It is conjectured that he was a Count Mattheoli, a Minister of Charles III., Duke of Mantua. This Minister had been largely bribed by Louis XIV., and had pledged himself to urge the Duke to give up to the French the fortress of Casale, which gave access to the whole of Lombardy. Louis found that Mattheoli was playing him false, and lured him to the French frontier, and there had him secretly arrested and imprisoned. As he was Minister Plenipotentiary at the time, his seizure was a flagrant violation of international law, which was safer to be able to deny than to justify, and when the denials were made, the "honor" of France was involved in unholding it.

Fritz has been hunting up the pedigree of Dr. Tanner, the celebrated humanist, and finds he is of very ancient lineage. The forty-third verse of chapter 11, Acts of Apostles, reads: "And it came to pass that he tarried many days with one Simon A. Tanner." [Bur.ington Hawkeye.]

STATISTICS, which have been carefully gathered, show that the emigration from Germany in the last sixty years has amounted to 3,500,000, the greatest share of which—about seven-eighths—has taken place since 1850, and mostly to the United States.

Thousands are being cured of Catarrh every year with Hall's Catarrh Cure, that the doctors had given up and said could not be cured. 75 cents a bottle. Sold by Penny & McAlister, Stanford, Ky.

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SYMPTOMS OF A DISEASED LIVER. Bad Breath; Pain in the Side, sometimes the pain is felt under the Shoulder-blade, mistaken for Rheumatism; general loss of appetite; Bowels generally costive, sometimes alternating with lax; the head is troubled with pain, is dull and heavy, with considerable loss of memory, accompanied with a painful sensation of leaving uneasiness something which ought to have been done; a slight, dry cough with flushed face is sometimes an attendant, often mistaken for consumption; the patient complains of weariness and debility; nervous, easily startled; feet cold or burning; sometimes a prickly sensation of the skin exists; spirits are low and despondent, and although satisfied that exercise would be beneficial, yet one can hardly summon up fortitude to try it—in fact, distrusts every remedy. Several of the above symptoms attend the disease, but none have occurred when but few of them existed, yet examination after death has shown the Liver to have been extensively deranged.

It should be used by all persons, old and young, whenever any of the above symptoms appear.

Persons Traveling or Living in Unhealthy Localities, by taking a dose occasionally to keep the Liver in healthy action, will avoid all Malaria, Bilious attacks, Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Depression of Spirits, etc. It will invigorate the system, and is a most intoxicating beverage.

If you have eaten anything hard of digestion, or feel heavy after meals, or sleepless at night, take a dose and you will be relieved.

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THE LEANING TOWER OF PISA.

A correspondent, writing of the Leaning Tower of Pisa, says that, whether by accident or design, no one can now tell, the inclination of the structure makes it look and feel to the visitor as if it were about to fall. It is 180 feet high and is thirteen feet out of the perpendicular. This is stated everywhere, and is no doubt true, but I suppose there are many persons who, like myself, expected to see a building erect, the center of whose top was outside the center of gravity.

This is not the case by any means. It is true that a rope falling from the center of the top would strike the wall at the bottom of the tower side, but the rope would not fall outside the tower wall. In a short time I satisfied myself and two other visitors of this fact. The apparent contradiction of the laws of nature disappears, then, in a moment.

Taking the building as a whole—letting a line fall from the center of the top—if this line fell outside of the base in that case the building would violate the law of gravity if it remained standing. I believe the architect planned this optical delusion. There are no signs of any giving way in the structure. No crack or crevice gives evidence of rapid or slow settling of the walls.

The architect knew very well how easily the eye can be deceived. The firmness of the masonry, the gradual ascent, the symmetry of the whole, prove beyond a doubt that it was built as it now stands. The walls below are very thick, and unless these should give way there is but one other method by which the building could be overthrown. If the stones were to slip from their places, then, little by little, it would be dislodged. But the whole structure is keyed and bolted and cemented into a solid mass. If it leaned nine feet more than it does, then it would fall, because the sum of its weight would fall outside the center of gravity. The mystery disappears at once when we examine it, but the curious effect upon one's nerves in making the ascent and standing on the top is nevertheless real.

OWING to the great increase of manufacturing and the abandonment of political agitation, Poland is now called "the Belgium of Russia."

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Dr. Deming's New Discovery for Piles is a radical change from the old remedies heretofore in use. The Discovery is the result of years of patient scientific study and investigation into the character of this painful disease. To convince you of its great merit, call on Penny & McAlister, Stanford, or W. M. Weber, Mt. Vernon, and get a sample box free of charge.

Alexander Plummer, of Bloomfield, Ind., says he regards Brown's Expectant as the best cure remedy he has ever used. For sale by Penny & McAlister, Stanford, and W. M. Weber, Mt. Vernon.

A word to the wise is sufficient. Never neglect a cough when a fifty-cent bottle of Brown's Expectant will cure you. For sale by Penny & McAlister, Stanford, and W. M. Weber, Mt. Vernon.

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Owing to the fact that a great many of our subscribers get their papers the night they are printed, and the further fact that the town delivery, to be fair, should embrace the whole town, we have decided after this issue to put the papers in the post-office and stop the delivery by hand. Next Tuesday if you do not get your paper at the I. J. office you will find it at the P. O.

NOTES OF CURRENT EVENTS.

—Judge Everett J. Conger, Associate Justice of the Territory of Montana, has been suspended for drunkenness and gambling.

—The President has appointed Geo. B. Sage United States Judge for the Southern District of Ohio, vice Wm. White, deceased.

—Houses at Lexington, Ky., have been numbered for postal delivery. There are 3,000 numbers in all. Street letter boxes were also put up.

—The depositors in the Freedmen's Bank are soon to be paid a dividend of 7 per cent. When this is paid the total of dividends will amount to seventy-two per cent.

—BRIEF MENTION.—Colt. M. Green, of the Mayville Eagle, and his cousin, Miss Pattie Craig, of Danville, are to marry next month. Gov. Sprague has also the democratic nomination for Governor of Rhode Island. The prohibition convention at Louisville has been postponed till April 19. The Governor of Tennessee has signed the bill repudiating the State debt 50 per cent, and paying 3 per cent on the balance. The rep. have nominated Sadler and the dems. Stephens for Mayor of Cincinnati. Mr. Zina is again in eruption. Queen Victoria fell on the steps of the Windsor Palace on Wednesday and severely injured her knee.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE

Mr. Barnes First Impressions Graphically Described.

"PRAISE THE LORD."

[The several other letters from Mr. Barnes, written while at sea, will appear in due time. We publish these first so that his friends will know how to direct their letters to him.—Ed.]

ST. GEORGE'S CHANNEL, S. S. PAVONIA, March 2, 1893.

Dear Interior: We sighted first land about 5 o'clock this morning—Kinsale Head and its light. We were all up early enjoying the delightful morning air and the sight of the bold headlands before reaching Queenstown. Green fields or plowed land upon them all, like Kentucky in April. Instead of barren bluffs, as one might expect from the precipitous character of the coast, with "breakers" foaming at the base all along, the country is like a garden, with careful cultivation and neat hedges marking every thing off like a map. One lovely hill looked like a huge tortoise or terrapin, the hedge running all over it in an irregular way, suggestive of the divisions of that creature's shell. The coast before you get up to Queenstown is a succession of eight or ten headlands with shallow coves between them, all rugged and dangerous with surf beating fiercely and no mercy for any thing cast upon it. A pretty church crowns one, cottages on others, until the last one forms the southern gate post to Cork Harbor, one of the finest natural harbors in the world. An entrance like the "Narrow" in N. York Harbor, and then space enough to float the Navies of earth at once, Queenstown lies just inside, Cork at the upper end of it—I do not know how many miles further, perhaps 8 or 10 miles. Fortifications of the finest, of course. It is too valuable to leave at loose ends. England doesn't do that sort of thing, any how. We did not go in. A tender, flying the stars and stripes, the Jackall by name, steamed out to meet us and get the mail for the British Isles, as well as our own to go back to the States by the first steamer. The swell was pretty heavy and the two disproportioned vessels bobbed fearfully at times, ever carefully protected by a multiplicity of fenders. There were 416 2-bushel bags of mail to transfer. Fancy 832 bushels of letters and papers. The bags were blue and white striped, something like bed-ticking, sealed and labeled. At last all was aboard the Jackall, and the little craft cast loose and skipped out, glad to escape mere bumping from our huge hull. During this ceremony one ship was flying the British Lion, with world abroad in his playful paw, cocked tail, on one leg, not half trying, smiling with every tooth in his head) at the main mast-head, the stars and stripes at the fore-mast; the cross of St. George at the flag-staff at the stern—all pulled down as soon as the transaction was over. This flag business is a ship's lingo, and says "how d'ye do?" "pretty well I thank you," and "good-bye."

We were soon off, skirting the Irish coast for 30 miles further before losing sight of it. We noticed an elegant estate, the first thing after leaving Queenstown, with palatial mansion, superb forests in the rear and grand stretches of arable land, right and left, all under beautiful cultivation. Then another succession of head lands surf-beaten; grand rocky islands with light houses on them at intervals, and light ships anchored in the channel, where there was shoal water. This is St. George's Channel. We are in it now and will be until we reach Holyhead and turn up the mouth of the Mersey to Liverpool. Above that is the Irish Sea. I found my geography very rusty when I reached these foreign parts. If any of my readers, without looking at their maps, will lay down this paper and ask themselves: do I know where the English Channel is? the situation of Dublin, London, Bristol, Isle of Man, Isle of Wight, etc., etc., they will soon find themselves in such a pitiable state of ignorance as to fully justify this little attempt to brush up my and their knowledge of the earth's surface. As I go I propose making it plain, at least,

where I go. How the gulls flock off the Irish coast, as if the famine had reached them also, turning them into the most importunate of beggars. They scream and white at turns, like young puppies, and they follow the steamer in a great flock, many hundreds together. The sky astern is almost "dark with pinions." These shore gulls are heavier and darker than the out to sea birds. On a bit of garbage they pounce in a bunch, and the luckiest gets it. The rest don't fight him, but show fair play, and exact it in turn. If there is more than one, the contest grows quite furious, until the moral is torn into bits. The lucky ones rest to digest their breakfast, the empty fly on with tireless wing till they get something.

The channel is lively all day, with sails of various kinds bowing out before a fair wind, while we go up against it. The dear LORD gave a perfect day for the last one of this propitious voyage. In the morning cloudy, with patches of blue sky, through which we got the most glorious effects of light and shade on sea and land imaginable. After this a cloudless sky and the channel as smooth as a river and a clear sun behind the cliffs of Green Erin. The water is changed from the deep blue of the fathomless ocean to an exquisite green of shoal depths. Praise the LORD, this Saturday night as we lie down, expecting by His goodness to be in the Mersey by sunrise, and off the steamer by 8 or 9. From first to last His goodness has been crowning us with "loving kindness and tender mercies." Wiggins' great cyclone is not for us, nor for any one, I trust. HE whom we love and serve holdeth the "waters in the hollow of His hand," the "wind in His fist." Praise Him forever and ever.

LIVERPOOL, Mar. 5, '93—Morning. —We steamed up the Mersey a little way yesterday morning, and dropped anchor to wait for high tide before going further. The steamer gave us an early breakfast, at 7 o'clock, and by 9 we were ready to go off in the tender Satellite, that in half an hour transferred us and our baggage to the "Landing Stage," which is a floating arrangement, 500 yards long and about 30 yards wide, with Custom House, apartment and waiting rooms on it, the hugest thing of the kind in the world; perhaps, "This lies on the Mersey," instead of the heart of Liverpool and opposite Birkenhead.

As we came up through the sharp, foggy morning air of this first Sunday morning in Old England, we wondered at the miles of docks, where ships of all the world tie moored, discharging or taking in cargo. Fancy miles of stonewall on a river's bank, 20 feet high, the huge blocks cut smoothly and laid like a house wall, with appropriate openings all along to let the ships in. Once within this outer wall, the vessels are distributed by a "net work" of water ways and wharves with cables to their resting places, where they have the same depth of water as at high tide outside, without ebb at all. How strangely different everything seemed from home! We were hunted up on the ship by the brother of our beloved Geo. W. Greenwood, of Brooklyn. He had written him before to wear a bit of blue ribbon on his coat, while I was to have a strip of red ditto, to prevent all mistakes. He came down in the tender with his good wife, and from that time took all landing care off our shoulders; saw us through the Custom House, inspection; begged us on this and that; and all preliminary settled, whisked our party off in two cab to the Camden Hotel, where I am penning this hasty postscript. Those who have been aboard know how unutterably welcome such attentions are when, strangers in a strange land, we are oppressed with that sense of loneliness that comes over one away from home. But we are in a bubble this morning and I can't write more to-day. Will resume the regular thread of daily narrative in my next. All quite well. Ever in Jesus, Geo. O. Barnes.

192 SHACKLEWELL LANE, DALSTON, E. C. LONDON, March 6, 1893.

Dear Interior: Liverpool is a solid town of half a million or so. It has like all cities elegant suburbs, but the bulk of what is remarkable in the place is centered in an area of half a mile radius, starting from its business Exchange. This is a grand piece of massive architecture, with colossal marble statues in a row, in front, Gallieso, Columbus, Drake and others, with circular paved Court and fine symbolic monument to Lord Nelson in it. Coal smoke dinges every thing sadly, but the superb proportions and outlines are there, which no coal dust can conceal. The Post Office, with grand dome is fine, as are the Art Gallery, North Western Hotel and other public buildings. But it would weary all hands to describe them. The noblest of all is St. George's Hall, which is what we should call a Court House, and which in many respects is the most magnificent bit of Corinthian architecture I ever saw. The equestrian statues of the gentle queen of these realms, and the Prince Consort of Blessed Memory are remarkably full of grace and spirit. An immense column to the "Iron Duke" adorns the same open space on which St. George's hall fronts—second only to the famous monument to Lord Nelson in Trafalgar Square, this city.

Our good friend Greenwood found us a comfortable hotel—the Camden—at a moderate price—eight shillings (or \$2) per day. Had we gone to the North-western we should have paid a pound (about \$5) for our "daily bread." Arriving on Sunday, we gladly availed ourselves of its sweet rest, and enjoyed it as only travelers on the "tempest tossed" deep can. To rest on a bed that did not heave and roll beneath you; to walk upright without tumbling over; to look at things that moved not; this was a present joy. We all enjoyed it. At 3 p. m., longing for a visit to the "courts of the LORD's house, Bro. G. and I sallied out, and the first place of worship being the Cathedral, we stepped into that. Here was conversation with a vengeance. An inferior like in old-fashioned church at home—was the First Presbyterian Church at Danville in my college days, or the old establishment in Woodford, where my Bro. Douglas presides, before it was modernized and made one of the prettiest of

country chapels, or the old stone pile at Walnut Hills, Fayette county, before it was altered; this Cathedral is like what they were, only homelier. The roughest old slips for pews, without doors, dings and uneven looking. The outside row of pews uncarpeted, which yet was an improvement on those in the centre that were, the place lighted by rows of pipes, like large lightning rods, with five tips on each, run up from the back of pews to the height of seven or eight feet, the pulpit an old-fashioned box, perched in mid air and reached by a winding stair; the baptismal font at the back of the church—a marble basin with four well-carved but grey cherubs on it, which, from its position, I judge, was used by Catholics for holy water, in ancient days of former possible occupation; this being conjectured, however, and not ascertained; gallery with dingy, painted pillars running round three sides; rows of singing boys dressed in white; responses set to music; and other emblems of the Episcopate—militant ball. The Curate, after a monotonous reading of the prayers in which one could join, after a fashion, took his text from Matthew's call to the ministry from the "receipt of custom," in the 9th of Matthew. The good man said some good things, and as a sermon it was perhaps above the ordinary run of the Curacy. Bro. G. pronounced it such; but there was so little to feed a hungry soul in its platitudes, that do what I would (and I do hate to sleep in church, or to be asleep on my) I was lulled by the pious monotony of our preacher into slumber, and actually had two pronounced naps and several nods before he was through. Perhaps I lost sleep the night before. That will account for some of it, perhaps doing so much preaching myself, I find it as hard to keep awake under another's sermonizing, as does a hard worked farmer—forcibly kept quiet one hour in all the 7 times 24. Or it may have been the matter and manner of good Dr. Dryadust. At any rate I slept, which I did not do when I went at night, to hear Smith and Fullerton—Spurgeon's Evangelists from London, who are now holding services in the "Rotunda." Mr. Smith sang a solo and went off to another point to preach, but Mr. Fullerton gave us some sweet gospel. Only there was no waving of the net after the services. The house was jammed, the people were evidently impressed, but they were dismissed with an invitation to remain for prayer at an after meeting. I felt like screaming to see seven-eighths of the congregation go out. Fullerton slipped away to the other meeting to join Smith, and left the after meeting to be worried to death, by a lot of brethren, who prayed and exhorted without a single invitation, until every body was worn out; when we all went away dejected. It was as "lame and impotent a conclusion" of a good beginning and promising, as I ever saw.

These good men are doing a precious work in Liverpool, I hear. Moody and Sankey are at Manchester, 30 miles away on the Midland Railway. At noon, Monday, we took that route for London. Every thing is so different from America that we hardly know where to begin to mark the divergence. And in all I write, I wish, first and last, and once for all, to say that I am not drawing "comparisons" that are odious, but simply jotting down what strikes me as strange, avoiding sneering contrasts as their plague spot of modern travel, and if indulging in a bit of pleasant merriment at things that make me laugh—why—no harm in that. I will laugh pleasantly or not at all. First, they do not check your baggage. They require the traveler to have unbounded confidence in their integrity, until they seem to have the minimum of it in him. They lock you up tight in your compartments, treating you as pure baggage, from first to last. To a gentle remonstrance on the point of so much valuable baggage being placed, wholly without a receipt of any kind in the Company's hands, the surprised not to say indignant official in blue coat, brass buttons and gold lace on his capband gives this remarkable answer, "Why, sir, we show you where we put it, what more can you wish than that?" This system is not hard on "My Lord," who has a flunkey at each end of the road to look after his luggage, who travels "third class," while his master luxuriates in "first class," and goes whenever he goes, on purpose to take all trouble off his shoulders; but for the average heathen the annoyance of having to look after his effects whether he wants to or not, whether he have several ladies whose comfort depends on his attention or not; to the average traveler, I say, their English "no check" system must be a nuisance. But not knowing the joy of checks and ignorance—his sort of bliss. Negatively, therefore, he is as happy as the man who never saw an elevated railway, and thinks a bus the ne plus ultra of street locomotion. The cars or carriages, as all call them here, differ in build, but the one we traveled in from Liverpool to London on Monday's noon Express, was 50 to 55 feet long, with eight compartments, doors at the side on both sides; 4 3d class, 3 1st class, and 1 luggage, and so labelled in gilt. One of 1st class was a smoker, and two of the 3d class. Baggage cars exclusively, not known. The compartments hold eight each, seated on cushions on a settee, and 4 and 4 via via. The compartments are about 9 feet by 6—9 being the length of the settee, as near as my eye could measure. The carriages are heated next and on the middle—dark red gold tipped. On the N. Western they have 1st, 2nd and 3d; on the M. on the first and third. We had a compartment all to ourselves, the whole way. The guard arranged this very obligingly—and we were glad to give him a shilling for his trouble. We have already learned, I may remark, that "the shilling" is the "open sesame" in England, as the "quarter" is in America—the two being nearly of the same value. Every thing is right or righted, if you have that handy coin in your vest or pants pocket and don't keep it there. So we—being 7—stepped into one little room, arranged packages many (alas! a lack!) on the roomy racks overhead, seated ourselves on the greenish red cushions of the settee, with stuffed backs to match—all quite comfortable—and were duly locked in by the guard, who trips off utterly unconscious that he has degraded you. "Locked into your cell"—that is quite the feeling. One gets used to it. Y—So do convicts. But what of that? Having a key turned on you, that is the rub. "Nip! Nip! Nip!" That hurra! I suppose, in a "snash up" it is really all one whether you are locked in and crushed or doors open and crushed. But there is a difference, before you are crushed. Briefly, but not growlingly, I don't like being locked up. All the same, they will

lock me up, whether I like it or not. Well! I haven't any more to say, there is a little in that. We made it in 5 hours and 35 minutes from Liverpool to London. I must not omit to mention the foot warmers. At the last moment came a flat truck with a pile of curious looking boxes 2 feet long, 6 inches thick, 10 inches wide, flat bottomed, oval topped, wooden three sides, copper sheeted on top; which strange receptacles, are thrust in among passengers feet, just before the guard locks the door. This, while it adds to comfort, crows out our graceful position with suppurative degradation. Foot warmers! Like an old sister going to meeting in winter with hot bricks tucked under her toes. Why not burn us with a pair of coarse stockings each? This being tucked comfortably in, as I am being locked up, exceeds! I own it on foot warmers! Wife and the girls didn't seem possessed of the proper spirit and actually used the things and said they were very nice. I kicked the end of mine under the seat and refused to receive the sanctifying warmth. Happily it was a delightful day and my indignant protest cost me nothing. Had it been cold as Greenland, I dare say, I should have bottled my wrath, corked it, and put my feet on my seat stove with degrading submission. Cold toes conquer stubborn pride. I own it with shame. Foot warmers, forsooth! I am happy to say we had a most joyous ride to London. There is little difference between first class and third, but the fare, the porter pays double for his ride, only rides on leather cushions with a queer little headrest at the side, instead of our third-class rep. The fare to London is 16 shillings and 9 pence, (\$4.20) the distance 200 miles, about. That is cheap enough. Fullerton palace and sleeping cars are the only American innovations allowed upon the time-honored carriage of the "Fathers." The freight cars are higher off the ground than ours, and with the spoked wheel instead of our solid disc, reminds me of a man with long legs, short body and hunched shoulders. They may be much better than ours, I only note what struck me, and the way it did. Thirty miles out, running at high speed we divided into smoky Manchester, and even our Pittsburgh must stand aside for smoke. In a few minutes we were in the heart of a few houses we passed over, and that was all. Fifty yards from the train all was blotted out. We only stopped a few minutes, running in on a V and then sped off, a locomotive hitching onto our train at Nottingham. No water on the train and non-served at stations. No water closets as on our trains. I could hardly imagine such a state of discomfort on such magnificent equipped roads.

At Derby we get a delicious glass of milk for two-pence (supper) and another at Nottingham. No water on the train and non-served at stations. No water closets as on our trains. I could hardly imagine such a state of discomfort on such magnificent equipped roads. But our ride was ecstatic. The dear LORD gave us a lovely day and we enjoyed the lovely landscape—no where on earth so lovely as in dear Old England. "The dear hedge rows of Old England"—John Alder's Pricilla sighed for and well she might. The grass was the Emerald green of early spring. Every thing was in joy. Crocus and daffodil pushing out of the ground. Early ploughing done, wheat nicely up, gardening beginning, the whole country clean as if swept by a broom. There is nothing on earth comparable to an English farming landscape. Imagine the loveliest point of old Bourbon, with clipped hedge rows replacing unsightly fences or stone walls, and you have the nearest approach to it. How intensely we all enjoyed that ride last Monday. Arrived at St. Pancras, one of the termini, the ladies waiting on the platform for 15 minutes until that luggage was attended to, which not being checked we had to see safely into the baggage room and thence received a paper acknowledgment, needful to claim it on the morrow, with 4 cents (supper) each piece charged for letting it remain. We boarded a couple of cabs and drove to 18 London Wall St., to Rayments Hotel, whither we had been directed by friends in Liverpool. But an English Hotel must have a niche of its own. Ever in Jesus.

GEO. O. BARNES.

P. S.—Please direct letters as above written, until further notice. G. O. B.

Garrard County

DEPARTMENT.

ROBT. R. WEST, Editor.

LANCASTER.

—County Court day next Monday.

—W. O. Rigney invites the public to call and see his new stock of goods at the old stand.

—Mr. W. G. Dunlap and wife returned from Chicago, Monday. They will make their future home in Lancaster.

—The protracted meeting at the Presbyterian Church closed Tuesday night. There were two additions to the church.

—Mr. David Thompson, of Rockcastle county, moved Monday, to the farm he recently purchased of Jno. H. Woodcock.

—For a variety and superior article of Gents', Ladies', Misses' and Children's Shoes and Boots, call at W. O. Rigney's.

—Col. W. O. Bradley returned from Indianapolis, Tuesday. The Jury had not returned a verdict in the Jester case when he left.

—Mr. John H. Woodcock and family are boarding at Mr. Geo. D. Burdett's. We understand that Mr. Woodcock expects to go into business of some kind at this place.

—Geo. D. Burdett & Co. have added a large stock of furniture to their assortment of goods. The second story over their grocery room will be used as a furniture store. This will supply a long felt necessity in our town. Heretofore, persons who have desired to purchase furniture to any considerable extent have had to go either to Danville or Stanford.

—Col. A. B. Smith, of Henry county, a candidate for Lt. Governor, was in town Tuesday. Col. Smith is a farmer, the only one of that class who has asked for a prominent State office for 20 years or more. He is a staunch democrat. Has represented his county several times in the State Legislature, and has been otherwise honored by the party in his section. Those who met him here were very favorably impressed by his gentlemanly bearing and sound sense.

—IN THE COURTS.—A peculiar series of cases were tried at this place Wednesday. The first was against Waverly Hamilton, of Richmond Junction, before United States Com'r. Wm. Herndon, on a charge of intimidating a witness in a U. S. Court.

The facts as elicited on the trial of the case were about these. The mail agent on the Richmond Branch of the L. & N. R. R. about the 25th of January last, missed from his mail car a registered package containing a sum of money, and again about the latter part of February, he missed other registered packages. The mail agent was given a certain time to find out who stole the packages, pay the money out of his own pocket, or lose his position. He (the mail agent) secured the services of Perkins Doty, who was the postmaster at Richmond Junction, but recently employed in the secret service of the United States to assist him in working up the case. Doty finds out from one Thos. Ball that Isaac Hamilton, brother of the defendant Waverly Hamilton, and a boy about 16 years "had told him (Ball), that he (young Hamilton) had stolen the missing packages from the postal car." Doty went and told Waverly Hamilton what Ball had said. When Waverly met Ball he asked him (Ball) what he had been saying about his family; from that hot words, and perhaps threats passed between them. Ball had not up to this time been summoned as a witness in the U. S. Court. Com'r. Herndon held that it was a purely personal matter, and that he had no jurisdiction in the case. There are several other warrants against the Hamiltons which are to be tried before Com'r. Herndon in Stanford, to-day (Thursday). The next case in order was before Police Judge I. Singleton, and was partially drawn out in the case before Com'r. Herndon. It will be remembered that in July 1879, the last night of the fair at this place Mr. Randall Bettis was halted at the point of a pistol about 8 o'clock at night, while returning from Danville, where he had been marketing, between the Iron Bridge and Mr. Jas. Her ring's. The man halting him demanding his pistol or pocket book, but Mr. Bettis escaped by running. At the time, Mr. Bettis said he didn't know the man, but afterwards he saw Perkins Doty and recognized in him the man who had attempted to rob him. Why he has not had Doty arrested before we are unable to surmise. In the trial of young Hamilton, Mr. Bettis was introduced as a character witness, and was sure that Perkins Doty was the man who had halted him. Thereupon County Attorney James Brown had a warrant sworn out and Doty arrested. He was tried before Judge Singleton and held in a bond of \$200 to answer any indictment that may be found against him at the next term of the Circuit Court.

—W. O. Rigney keeps on hand a well selected stock of Men's Youths, Boys and Childrens Clothing.

Paint Lick.

—Rev. J. S. Barnes and family left Monday for Mt. Sterling.

—Mr. W. S. Warren has bought several acres of wheat in this vicinity for H. A. B. Marksbury, of Lancaster, at \$1 per bushel.

—Mr. A. B. Ely showed us four potato onions grown by Willie Adams, Sr., that averaged ten ounces and measured twelve inches in circumference. Who can beat it?

—With due respect to Mr. James Barst, of Mt. Vernon, we will say that he is not the man that fell from his horse a short time ago, though he was in the neighborhood at that time.

—W. L. Barnes is closing out his stock of goods, and will enter the field as a commercial tourist for a Louisville firm. Nath Shumate is at home this week. Miss Jennie Adams, the little beauty from Hoosier, will leave for her home in a few days. Several sad hearts will be left here.

LANCASTER ADVERTISEMENTS.

H. C. KAUFFMAN,

ATTORNEY AT LAW.

LANCASTER, KY.

Master Commissioner of the Circuit Court. Will practice in all the Courts of Garrard and adjoining counties and in the Court of Appeals.

Citizens National Bank.

TREASURY DEPARTMENT.

OFFICE OF COMPTROLLER OF THE CURRENCY.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 25, 1893.

WHEREAS, by satisfactory evidence presented to the undersigned, it has been made to appear that the Citizens National Bank of Lancaster, in the State of Kentucky, has complied with all the provisions of the Revised Statutes of the United States required to be complied with before an association shall be authorized to commence the business of banking;

Now, therefore, I, John J. Knox, Comptroller of the Currency, do hereby certify that the Citizens National Bank of Lancaster, in the State of Kentucky, is authorized to commence the business of banking as provided in Section 5,109 of the Revised Statutes of the United States.

In testimony whereof, I witness my hand and seal of office, this 24th day of February, 1893.

JOHN J. KNOX,

Comptroller of the Currency.

125-2m

No. 2,388.

JUST RECEIVED!

One Hundred Cases

Canned Goods,

Consisting of—

California Apricots,

Green Gage Plums,

Star Tomatoes,

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Kensett's Peaches,

Pine Apples,

String Beans,

Oysters, &c.

Also, a lot of new Mackerel, Sugars and Coffees in abundance, and Prices extremely Low, at the

"ENTERPRISE GROCERY."

LANCASTER, KY.

GEO. D. BURDETT & CO.,

Proprietors.

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PHARMACISTS



Drugs, Books, Stationery and Fancy Articles.

Physicians' prescriptions accurately compounded.

JEWELERS!

Largest Stock of Watches, Clocks, Jewelry & Silverware

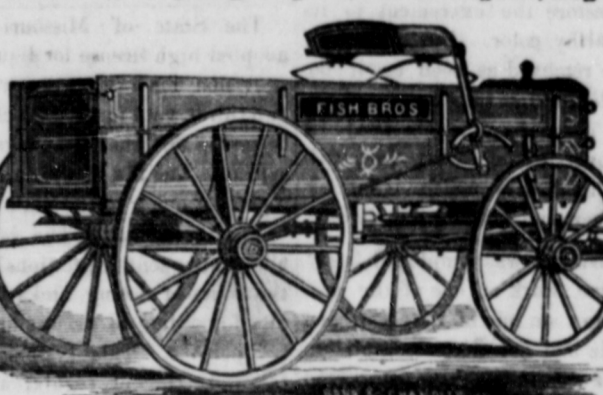
Ever brought to this market. Prices Lower than the Lowest. Watches, Clocks and Jewelry Repaired on short notice and warranted.

ATTENTION, FARMERS!

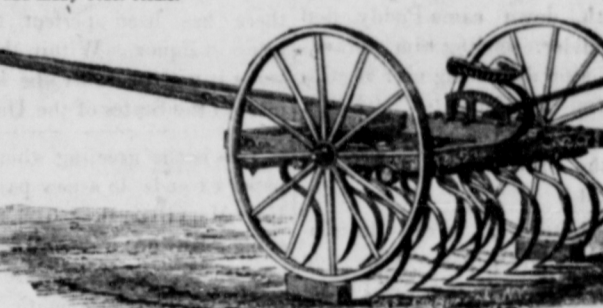
In order to get control of the best and most popular line of Agricultural Implements and Pleasure Vehicles, and also in order to enable us to purchase in such quantities as to obtain the largest discounts and lowest rates of freight, I have established branch Ware Rooms and Agents at Hustonville, Lancaster and Richmond, and under this arrangement, we feel sure we can offer the Farmers Many Inducements Over the Majority of Dealers. I keep on hand at all times at my several Ware Rooms a large stock of



Buggies, Carriages, Spring Wagons, Farm Wagons, Log Wagons,



Railroad Cars, Reapers, Mowers, Hay Rakes, Grain Drills, Broadcast Seeders, Sulkey Harrows, Sulkey Plows, Walking and Riding Cultivators, Corn Drills, Corn Planters, Feed Cutters, Corn Shellers, Farmers' Banners, and many other items.



I am also prepared to furnish prices and estimates of all kinds of Engines, Saw Mills, Threshing Machines, Hay Presses, Straw Stackers, Wind Mills, Horse Powers, and various other kinds of machinery.

Parties in want of any goods in my line will lose nothing by seeing me before purchasing.



GEORGE D. WEAREN, Stanford.

GREEN & WILLIAMS, Managers Hustonville Depot

W. L. WITHERS, Manager Lancaster Depot;

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I desire to call your special attention to the JEWEL RANGE, which for utility, durability, perfection in operation, taste in ornamentation, is unequalled.



THE KING OF THE FIELD!



Also, a lot of new Mackerel, Sugars and Coffees in abundance, and Prices extremely Low, at the

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LANCASTER, KY.

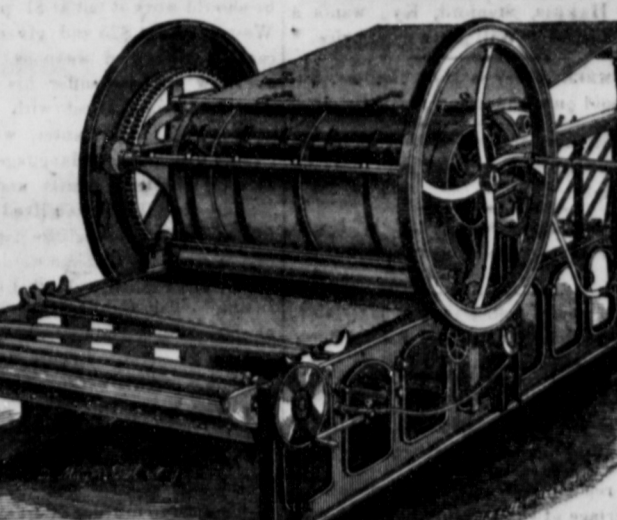
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Farmers and Plowmen, listen—Oliver Chilled Metal will not corrode; the heaviest rust will remove in a few minutes. The Oliver is a Center Draft Plow, having sloping landside, which does away with the pressure found in straight landside Plows. The Oliver has hundreds of imitators; no manufacturer will imitate an inferior Plow. The Oliver has a record unparalleled in the history of Plows. Your neighbors will tell you to BUY THE OLIVER, and take no others.

W. H. HIGGINS.

THE INTERIOR JOURNAL



— STEAM —

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Never fails to cure **Fever and Ague**, **Intermittent Fever**, **Dumb Ague**, **Dyspepsia**, **Liver Complaint**, **Indigestion**, **Colic** and **Flux**. It will Cure **Costiveness**. It is a mild **Anti-Bilious** **Alterative** and **Tonic**, a mild and **Delightful** **Invigorant** for **Delicate Women**, a powerful recuperant after the frame has been debilitated and reduced by sickness, an excellent appetizer, gives tone to the digestive organ, prevents **Malaria**, braces up the system, strengthens the portal circulation and clears the whole animal economy from the seeds of disease. The slightest attack of fever may be a prelude to the worst, and the remedy that would conquer it whilst it is yet in its commencement, may be of no value when it is at its full development. Particularly is this the case with persons around whom the pestiferous influence of **Malaria** clings in the form of **Dumb Chills**, **Brow Ague**, **Painful Spleen**, and **Weak Stomach**.

For the Cure of all the above Diseases this preparation stands unrivaled, and its good and permanent effects are attested by thousands, and it is recommended alike by the ablest medical men and the ministry.

TRY IT, yet you that are afflicted, and be convinced of its wonderful power and beneficial effects.

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For Sale in Stanford by Penny & McAllister.